1.

I am listening
I am listening
through the ether
there are points of light
sparkles like
celestial diamonds
each sparkle
is a world
with its own temples
and hieroglyphs
each world
cries out
to its own Sun
each world
broadcast over
the radio
those mythologies
that endear us
to the past

***

- 8/4/2024

2.

I am searching for
a doorway
to escape
this world
of immaculate fountains
that deceive me
I'll tell you truthfully
out in the desert
that Sphinx has eyes
that do not lie
and I'll go
along the canals
of Venice
under a Renaissance moon
we'll leave flowers
upon the mirrored water
in our wake

***

- 8/4/2024

3.

When the dark clouds
descend
when the shadows
appear in full legions
we can light
candles inside
with the fire
of our own thoughts
didn't you know
the politicians
wanted you to believe
in a splendid.....new
hopeful way
could you ever
believe what they say
news reporters follow them
like tarantulas
hypnotic images
of golden islands
appear on television screens
we honestly didn't believe
you'd recognize
the court jester
from out of the crowd
won't you allow me
to play again
the flute music
of a medieval memory

***

- 8/4/2024

4.

The rug
was pulled out
from underneath our feet
we awoke
and found ourselves
in an extravagant
dining hall
we looked around
puzzled and dazed
we couldn't see it
but we felt the presence
of the Full Moon
we wanted everything
to begin again
we danced
while the music played
while the gargoyles waited
for the last sunrise

***

- 8/6/2024

5.

Moon up above
Moon shining down
upon the dove
stars and bright candles
glowing
electricity flowing
down the avenue
tonight.....tonight
while the songs
of the morning
still linger there
won't you awaken
with open eyes
and behold
the invisible sea
now is the hour
of you and me
within the garden

***

- 8/10/2024

6.

I am listening
through the strange
magnetisms
of nightly sounds
I am listening
I am listening
to such subtle chimes
to a grand piano
that once played
one hundred
and thirty years ago
to the day
I am listening
to a ship's horn
a foggy ocean
in nineteen and fifty one
I am listening
to the sounds
of the past
reverberate
through the corridors
of the centuries

***

- 7/29/2024

7.

I will pluck
the flower
from the soil
and make of it
a bow tie
we...each of us
wish to behold
the crystalline
the immaculate side
of the space probe
that drifts above
before us
will you take us
to your pharaoh
or to your queen
whose eyes are like
the serpent's
in a flash
of summer lightning

***

- 8/11/2024

8.

Anew
Anew to behold
the shore at dawn
the sky
the immaculate rose petals
of a palace garden
divine
and we who have escaped
the desert of the asp
we look to feast
our eyes upon
a new civilization
not one born of
media and false idols
not one born of
materialism to
the edge of insanity
we want poetry
to cry out
from our radio towers
we want to build
ziggurats of hope
and upon them
place our sunflowers

***

- 8/2/2024

9.

Wishing
wishing again
upon calm seas
an hourglass
in the breeze
a monument
to our covenant
with the stars
we know the story
how it all began
each of us
we're all waiting here
as the cosmic plateau
expands
find me then
in some far future time
in a city
above the clouds
that shines forever

***

-8/6/2024

10.

I am waiting
to see your reflection anew
have we brought
too many mirrors
into this crazed world
each hour
brings us closer
to the time
of the red rose
a thorn here and there
some heartache
some wild wind
of memory
her whispered name
a witch's cauldron to me
always was
from it her spells
fly into the night
they find me
while I'm sleeping
they grow around my dreams
like ancient ruins

***

- 8/7/2024

11.

The Sun has been
a cruel Sun
when it has chosen to be
an electrified
and magnetic
gladiator of
the sand pits
the cobra oppresses
with both eyes
the asp and the Queen
the dream-river
in between
I have my coin
and my philosophy to grow
like a morning glory vine
and the new world seeds
sown....watered
to grow.....grow
and what we found
was a reflection
of the older world
where the marble statues
stared into
infinite Cosmos

***

- 7/31/2024

12.

Here at the crimson edge
of a candle's light
here where
a single orchid grows
and reaches for
the desolate plateaus
of Venus
songs of illumination
songs of a palace of ice
somewhere in the realm
of a dreamworld
the astrolabes
guiding us to
the hidden star
now we are reborn
to all the dreams
that the Sun can conjure

***

- 7/31/2024

The Moon touching
a twilight horizon
many cathedrals of stars
are revealed in the sky
and I have known
such a sweet tune
from out of
the evening mist
to find me
to recognize
the longing of my spirit
so it is anew
a night of constellations
a night of harps
of music from
the celestial radios
of Olympus

***

- 8/2/2024

14.

Can I now tell you
of an immaculate
icy frost
sparkling in morning light
descended from a star-world
can I speak to you
of vision
of the possibilities
that the mind
is in truth
a sunrise valley
of dimensional gateways
a garden of portals
of all the seasons
of all the starry nights
we'll behold
now I concede
I am no longer searching
for the true reality
for there is none
to be found

***

- 8/16/2024

15.

In this foggy morning
grant me clarity
of sight
upon this desolate isle
as the sea surrounds
as the gulls
take flight
do not expect me
to know the meaning
of a whispered omen
laughter of the gods
laughter of the gods
Apollo
Athena
Poseidon
I shall envision a rose
upon the tomb
of a name
the echoes of a fog horn
dance upon the clouds
that have this morning
drifted upon the shores
of Elysium

***

- 8/15/2024

16.

We are seeking
we are searching for
the Aztec garden
sunflowers divine
we're looking for
a better path
a short-cut of sorts
to the plateau of stars
won't you welcome us
into the fold
bring us wine
allow us to behold
the crystal palace
in the zenith light
of this sunny day
we know that
there's something
far more majestic
out there
we hope you'll guide us
to where it all
lies hidden

***

- 8/9/2024

17.

There will be a time
of a new song
of a new dream
there will be a time
of a new dancing
of a new laughter
there will be a time
of immortal flowers
of emerald Sun-rays
there will be a time
of transformation
a photosynthesis of words
into fauna
of the morning light
of time that already was
and time that has yet
to be imagined

***

- 8/23/2024

18.

I awaken
upon a plateau
of a morning dream
I look around
and behold
a desert rose
listening
to radio vision streams
from Elysium
in the eastern sky
I recognize
the appearance of Saturn
its gravity
pulls my imagination
towards its rings
light streams
of Aurora Borealis
dance across the zenith
I am truly awake here
I have found
such a peace here
a place that lies
just behind the curtain
of a vast mirage

***

- 8/2/2024

Listening
to the songs
of the stars
while walking down
the avenue
contemplating lyrics
from the Pleiades
contemplating
the vastness
of the cosmic ocean
walking down the avenue
into the real world
of the unreal
walking into a fog
of disjointed perception
right now
is but a moment
floating upon
the tide
of Aphrodite's voice

***

- 8/24/2024

This will not be
the last night
of its kind
there will be others
there will be other nights
adorned with candles
bringing light to where
the Sun momentarily
is forgotten
there will be other nights
where the sea
will appear blue
in an esoteric moonlight
there will be other nights
when I shall
walk along beaches
with no destination
with no significance given
to the passage of time
I shall walk among
seascapes of the night
for as long as I wish it

***

- 8/18/2024

21.

When I am away
from the sea
for awhile
I find that some
inner force
begins to pull me
back to it
within my mind
images of the sea appear
like a flash of lightning
when I am
away from the sea
for awhile
the sea will always
search for me
the sea
will always find me

***

- 8/19/2024

In a valley
in the glow
of dawn
a jewel sparkles
in the timeless light
a jewel
that gives birth
to a vision
of a thousand
plateaus
swept by
tranquility

***

- 8/20/2024

For it is here
in some small
and obscure
portion of this world
that I have found
a garden
that is only revealed
in the fullest....brightest
moonlight
it is a garden
where visions
dance upon the nightly air
it is a garden
where even the smallest
the most slight
trace of despair
gives way
to enormous and bursting
stars of joy
it is a place
that I may find
in only the right conditions
when the heavenly spheres
are aligned
in such a way
when the owl's eyes
are set upon a certain
hidden ley-line
when the moonlight
pours forth
from the fountain
of a goddess
only then is the garden revealed
and all the world
behind me
is but memory

***

- 8/19/2024

I couldn't wake up
early enough
to catch a glimpse
of the brightest Sun
couldn't catch a glimpse
of the new day
I just lingered there
for awhile
in that in-between place
half - partially awake
half adrift
in the Cosmos

***

- 8/24/2024

The green ivy
reaching into the sky
a glow of the Universe
upon the Sun-beams
of the dawn
a lantern
upon a mountaintop
radiating a philosophy
of truth and compassion
pilgrims
travelers
troubadours
wandering into
a valley
to feast upon illumination

***

- 8/24/2024

I have of recent
discovered
that the world
is in fact
but a chessboard
and we ourselves
but chess pieces
in a great game
that perhaps
symbolizes something
something profound
something full
of an immortal cosmic light
yet there is also
the distinct possibility
that this is not the case
that none of it
means anything at all
that the game continues
ever on
without a final destiny
without flowing illumination
from the alchemy of stars

***

- 9/2/2024

Now it is rising
the Moon of the East
above the forest of Pine
above the mist
and faintly
I hear a distant wind chime
it is in another world
and I am here
in the forest
where the shadows of trees
dance like in celebration
the stars
make their first appearance
their light
like distant cathedrals

***

- 8/12/2024

In just a few
more hours
it's back to work
such as it is
the cycles
of this Earth
like the spinning wheel
that drains
your motivation
your youth
it slams you down
picks you up
slams you down
again and again
and all you can do
sometimes is escape
into the music
imagine
some heavenly clouds
a symphony
like a record
playing in your mind
from there
just run with it
as the mean streets
of the world
eventually double back
to the place
where you opened
a window
on a summer's afternoon
and you looked
near and far
for the hummingbird

***

- 8/12/2024

Tonight I'm searching
for a new philosophy
just waiting for one
to materialize
hoping that I'll realize
this time
and see the moment
in the night
when there isn't much to do
when the television
distorts reality
when radio
has been commercialized
I'm searching for
a new philosophy
searching for a new way
to break the fall
to hold the pieces together
to let the light in
until a new dawn
approaches

***

- 8/13/2024

There's something out there
in the misty sunrise
waiting for me
a different place
a different time
I don't understand it
I just feel it
as I gaze down upon
these dreary streets
of the modern world
the morning traffic
going by
everyone wants
to be some place
in this world
some are looking
for a flower of love
some are looking
for a muse
some are looking
for an ocean
to sail upon
and I'm just looking
out into this
shroud of mist
as the Sun
is just rising
almost believing
that I see a different world
calling to me

***

- 8/13/2024

31.

Listening closely
listening far away
the night owl perched
as monarch of a tree branch
listening
to the sounds
of the night
the moonlight touches
mingles
with the stillness
of the forest
I feel that I have
known this scene
across a thousand years
across many lifetimes
perhaps
I can feel it still
as I listen closely
to the music
of the night

***

- 9/11/2024

Why does it get to me
the mania
the tempest
that can so rage
in my soul
how I would wish
to he as a pillar
that rises
and stands
as solid stone
against the world
the hours of memory
in the wind
a sea of them appearing
before my eyes

***

- 9/2024

I cannot stay here
among the harlequins
and politicians
I cannot stay here
among the sandcastles
of long lost institutions
I cannot believe
in something
that is fraudulent
in its own reality
I will escape
and be among
the pine trees
until the day
I am called up
to the clouds
and the sunlight

***

- 9/18/2024

No....you didn't see
that island
in the fog
that couldn't
be possible
that island
cannot exist
without existence
it must simply
have been
some trickery of vision
don't allow yourself
to be so easily
fooled
by the spectacles
of the air
if you always
believe what you see
then is not
so much disorder
deemed permissible

***

- 9/18/2024

Why does it get to me
the mania
the tempest
that can so rage
in my soul
how I would wish
to be as a pillar
that rises
and stands as
solid stone
against the world
the hours of memory
in the wind
a sea of them appearing
before my eyes

***

- 9/11/2024

It's the unseen stars
that enlighten me
the most I perceive
their operas reach me
from across the sea
of night sky
of sparkling mirages
born of the hourglass
I go out
in a late hour
to the middle of a field
the stars above
the ones I don't see
are the ones
calling to me
evergreens and
musical shadows
so close by
the tree line seems
to come alive
with a sonata
and this old moonlight
a mask of destiny

***

- 9/13/2024

My words
quickly disappear
from the world
and go out far
out there far
into the radio heavens
out into
the cosmic radio ocean
my words
my brief poems
of reflection
of pondering
go out there far
ever moving
away from this world
ever moving
closer to another

***

- 9/15/2024

I drift along
upon the breath
of the night breeze
I drift along
as if a feather
upon a wave of air
I drift along
to where I will
have visions
of future cities
future civilizations
visible to me
only in the
mist shrouded glow
of sunrise
in the pine forest

***

- 9/15/2024

Somehow
I just have
this feeling
call it
a premonition
that in
the last days
at the end
of the world
they'll still come
looking for you
to pay your taxes
amidst earthquakes
brimstone and sulfur
pestilence and war
they'll still come
looking for those taxes
if only
to remind you
that there's no escape
until the very
last moment

***

- 9/28/2024

Cosmic space poetry
is like a mirage
appearing in one's soul
yet the mirage
does not simply disappear
into non-existence
the mirage becomes vision
the vision becomes
commitment to expression
expression formed into poetry
poetry offered
to the vast sea of time
by means of radio transmitter
the laser
the dimensional
communication devices
that will only broadcast
if the sender
the poet
the cosmic-astral mariner
believes in the magic
of the imagination
with an intensity
that is in itself
an essence of starlight
shining within the soul

***

- 9/29/2024

41.

I find myself
to be quite unsuccessful
at understanding
the many complications
of this modern world
in these modern
complicated times
I'll just take for myself
a bit of music
every now and again
I lost pace
with everything else
a long time ago
it all fell apart
and fell away
yet the music
still remained
only the music
still remained

***

- 9/29/2024

Little did I know
in that hour
when I heard
the trumpets blast
so little did I know
as meteors
were falling from the sky
so little did I know
that the seas had risen
that it was now
raining grasshoppers
that daffodils
were growing
in the deserts
little did I know
that the hourglass
was up
that the Moon
had fallen into the sea
that the blue sky
had disappeared forever
snd in its place now
there was a seemingly
endless multitude of stars

***

- 9/29/2024

We make things up
in our heads
and they go
up in the air
like balloons
like nineteenth century
dirigibles
like metallic ravens
up and over
towards a great
hydrogen sunrise
and we take
into our minds
many odd things
that we find
from the palaces
that we imagine
sitting upon the clouds

***

- 10/1/2024

I haven't even begun
to sing tonight
of the falling stars
of the fallen world
of the withered roses
of the burnt out lightbulbs
of the shadowy streets
I haven't even
begun to sing
but it won't be
much longer
when the threshold
is crossed
when the gate
is wide open
when the memories
that haunt me
are now my dear companions
I'll sing and I'll sing
and the owls
and the cats
will listen
with curiosity
and an indifference
to the fallen world

***

- 10/1/2024

Is the world
just waiting
for a new beginning
is a post-reality world
now being born
do we sacrifice the pulse
of living moments
for technological
and synthetic
stimulation of the senses
are these the days
of self-fulfilled prophecy
are we just waiting
for a chosen day
to watch it all unravel
is the concept
of a new beginning
a thing of the past
a false glimmer
of false light
in the periphery
of our perceptions
are we wandering
a plateau of desolation
a horizon that spans
across the solitary night
are we living in a sphere
of nihilistic destiny
where the stars bring us hope
yet we'll never reach them

***

- 10/2/2024

In the beginning
there was no
revelation at all
there was only questioning
in the beginning
the very beginning
I remember that
there was only
an immaculate vision
of the Sun
in the beginning
I believe that
I was still receiving impressions
from a life
I had lived
a thousand years ago
and then the world
eventually enveloped me
with all of its illusions
and its deceiving
notions of destiny

***

- 10/3/2024